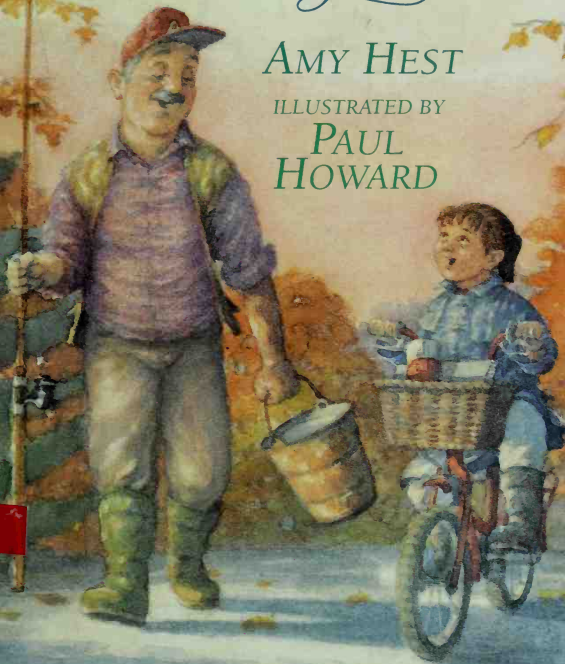


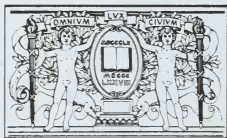
Rosie's Fishing Trip

AMY HEST

ILLUSTRATED BY

PAUL
HOWARD





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LOWER MILLS

*To my mom,
the poet grandma*
A.H.

To my beautiful wife
P.H.



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First U.S. edition 1994
Published in Great Britain in 1994
by Walker Books Ltd., London.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Hest, Amy.

Rosie's fishing trip / written by Amy Hest ;
illustrated by Paul Howard.—
1st U.S. ed.

Summary: Grandpa and Rosie spend the morning
fishing and Rosie learns that catching a fish is not
the most important thing.

ISBN 1-56402-296-X

[1. Fishing—Fiction. 2. Grandfathers—Fiction.]

I. Howard, Paul, 1967– ill. II. Title.

PZ7.H4375Ro 1994

[E]—dc20 93-28543

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in Hong Kong

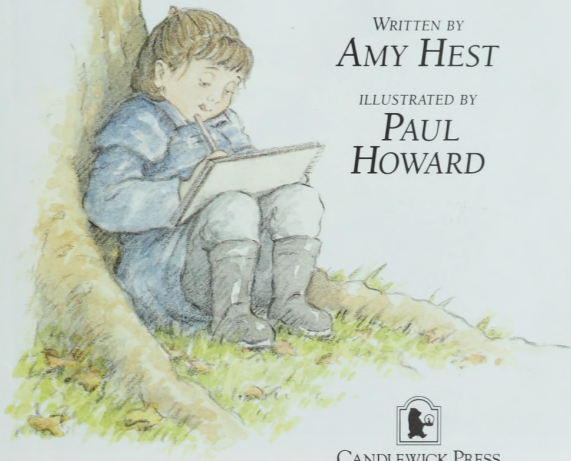
The pictures in this book were done in watercolor.

Candlewick Press
2067 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140

Rosie's Fishing Trip

WRITTEN BY
AMY HEST

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**PAUL
HOWARD**



CANDLEWICK PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



Rosie's bicycle had two fat tires and a saddlebag in back.

There was a wide wicker basket up front, and it was filling up fast with everything Rosie needed for her fishing trip, including three corn muffins and an old red thermos with chocolate milk inside.

Rosie wrapped her silver spoon in a cherry-colored napkin. She wrapped her tiny jar of jam in yellow tissue paper. She taped two pink pencils to her special drawing pad to make a picture, later, that would hang on someone's wall.

"Time to go fishing!" called Rosie.



“Good luck, my love!” Mama came to the kitchen to see her off. Her bathrobe was soft and green and smelled of dusting powder. (At night Mama liked curling up in her robe in her big chair near the window. Sometimes Rosie curled up too, and they took turns reading in a soft, night voice.)

Rosie’s fishing coat had a cape across the back and seven slender buckles that buckled up the front.

Mama kissed both her cheeks.







Then Rosie bumped her bicycle down the steps all the way to Front Street, where it was still dark. Rosie shivered. She did not much care for the dark.

But she did care for fishing and of course for Grampa, who was waiting on a corner near the park.

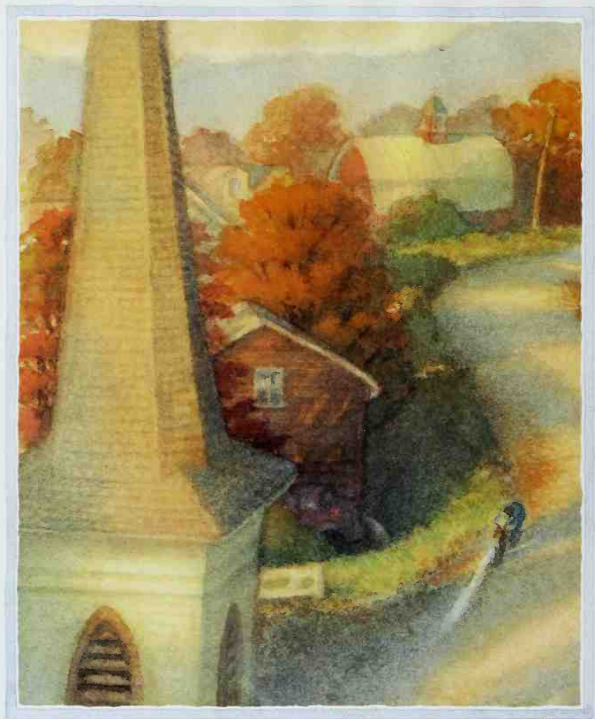
Rosie sucked in. She let her breath out.





Pedal, Rosie, pedal! There were too many shadows in the village in the morning. It was chilly and there was mist in the air, or maybe it was drizzle. *Pedal, Rosie, pedal!*





In between big houses and others that were small, the sun was trying to light up the town. *I am racing you, sun, and I will win the race to Grampa!* Rosie pedaled hard and she pedaled very fast, stopping short at each cross street.

Grampa was waiting on a corner near the park. Rosie rode and he walked along with his big fishing bucket and his tall fishing pole. They rode and walked all the way to Periwinkle Pond.





Rosie leaned her bicycle against a tree. Grampa draped a cloth on a grassy spot nearby. They each ate a muffin with strawberry jam. Then they shared another.

“Tell me a poem, Grampa, and please make it rhyme,” said Rosie.

Grampa shook the thermos to make a million chocolate bubbles that popped on Rosie’s nose.

“A poem about me is a good idea.”



Sometimes Grampa said a poem that spilled right out. Other times they had to wait. Sometimes Grampa scratched words on paper. Other times he plucked words from air.

While they waited for a poem, they went down to the pond and into the pond way past their ankles. Grampa's fishing boots were high to his knees. Rosie's fishing boots used to be her mother's. (They were still too big in the toes, but she loved them anyway.)

Grampa held the pole over the pond. They waited for fish. Rosie held the pole too, but it was heavy, and still no fish. *Come-on-fish-come-on!*





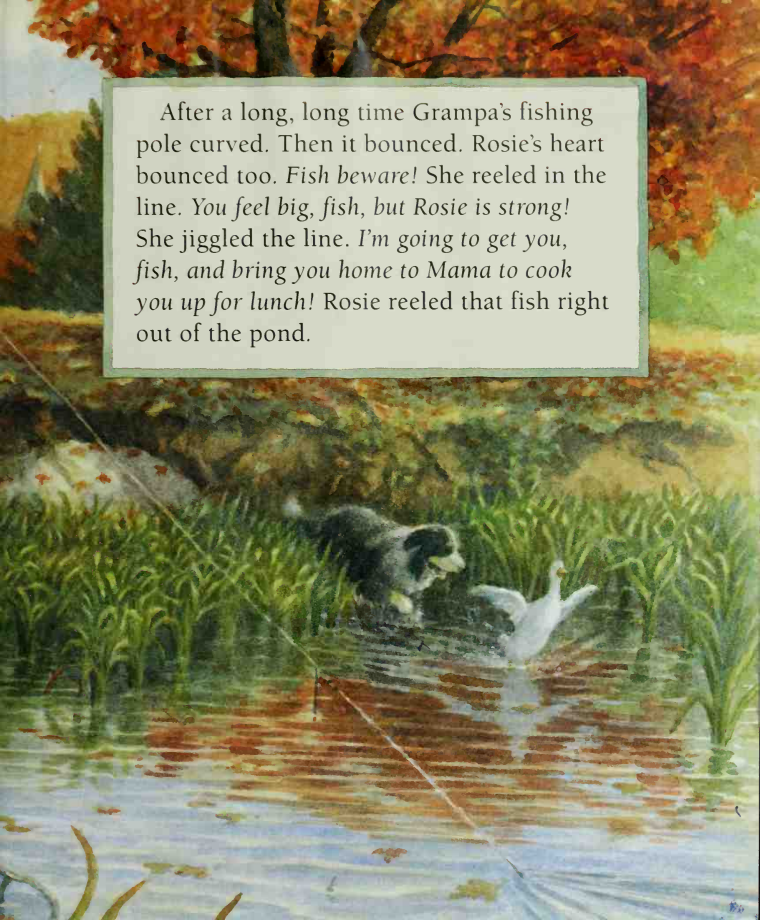


When Rosie's legs were tired, she leaned against a tree and made a beautiful picture of Grampa fishing in the pond in the mist



in the morning. She sketched a dog, too.
Rosie liked to draw dogs. And Grampa
liked to hang the pictures on his wall.



The background of the page is a painting of a pond. In the center, a black and white dog is jumping out of the water. To its right, a white swan is also in the water, splashing. The pond is surrounded by green reeds and grass. In the background, there are trees with vibrant autumn foliage in shades of orange, red, and yellow. The sky is a pale, hazy blue. The text is enclosed in a white rectangular box with a thin green border.

After a long, long time Grampa's fishing pole curved. Then it bounced. Rosie's heart bounced too. *Fish beware!* She reeled in the line. *You feel big, fish, but Rosie is strong!* She jiggled the line. *I'm going to get you, fish, and bring you home to Mama to cook you up for lunch!* Rosie reeled that fish right out of the pond.

The fish looked at Rosie and
Rosie looked back. He was small,
like a fist, and wriggly and scared.



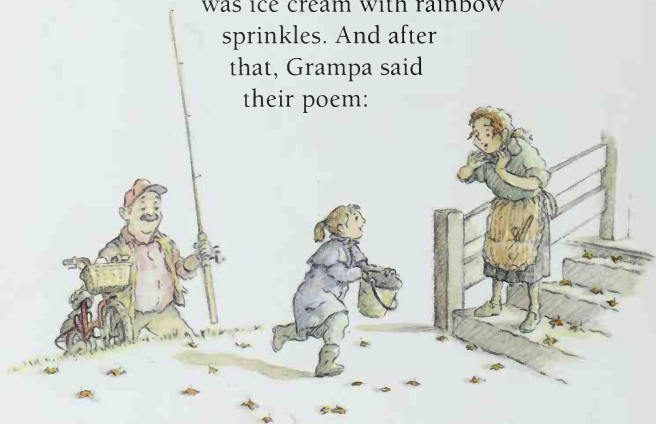
They tossed him back and he swam
away with his cousins.

So-long-fish-so-long!



Rosie and Grampa rode and walked through the village. There wasn't a single fish in the bucket, but they didn't mind. Grampa was thinking up a poem, and Rosie was helping with the rhymes. The sun came out and the sky cleared up, and Mama kissed everybody on both cheeks.

Lunch was waiting. They each had a bowl of pasta. Afterward there was ice cream with rainbow sprinkles. And after that, Grampa said their poem:





Rosie's Fishing Trip



A bucket
A bike
And strawberry jam
Rosie the girl,
Grampa the man.

A pond
A pole
Boots on their feet
Rosie and Grampa
love to meet.





A snack
A chat



Then fishing time
Come-on-fish,
nibble this line!



A pull
A tug
Sweet baby fish!
How dare we put
you in a dish?

A splish
A splash
So-long, swim away
Sweet baby fish,
it's your lucky day!





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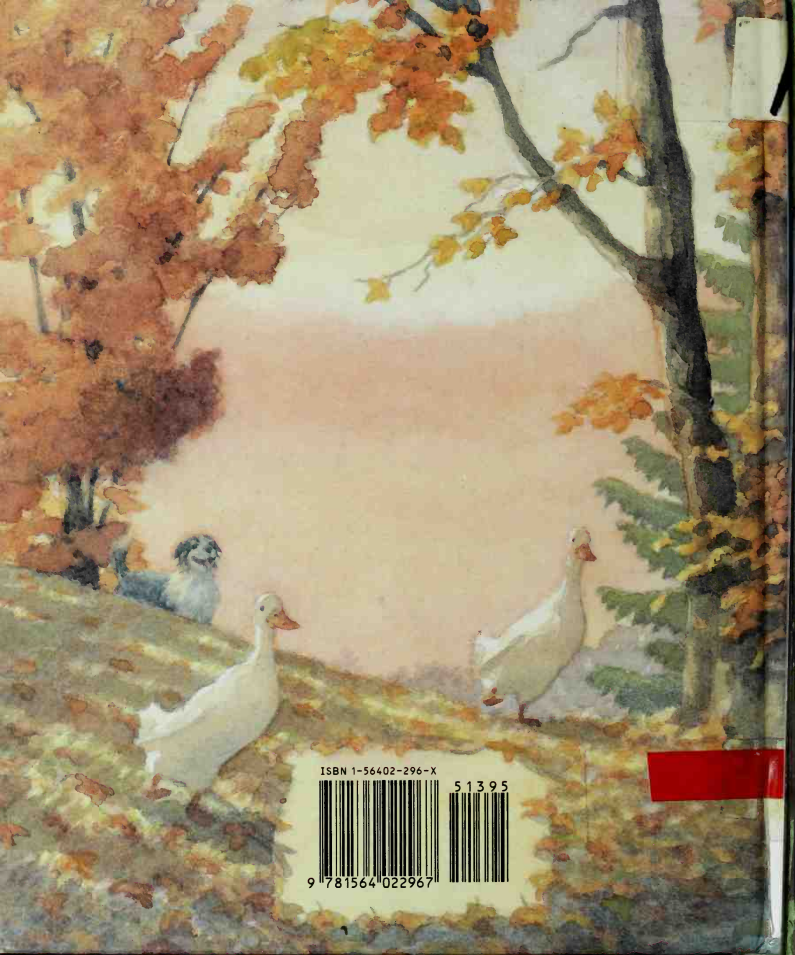
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